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DONIZETTI - Lucia di Lammermoor

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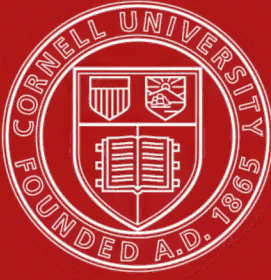


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DONIZETTI

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Lucia di Lammermoor



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DONIZETTI'S

O P E R A

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

AND

The Music of all the Principal Airs.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:

CHICAGO:

PHILADELPHIA:

BOSTON:

C. H. Ditson & Co. Lyon & Healy. J. E. Ditson & Co. John C. Haynes & Co.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



HENRY ASHTON, of Lammermoor.	BASS.
LUCY. Henry's Sister.	SOPRANO
EDGAR, of Ravenswood.	TENOR.
NORMAN. Follower of Henry.	TENOR.
RAYMOND. Chaplain to Lord Ashton.	BASS.
ALICE. Attendant on Lucia.	SOPRANO.
LORD ARTHUR BUCKLAW.	TENOR.

**FOLLOWERS OF HENRY, INHABITANTS OF LAMMERMOOR,
&c., &c.**

THE SCENE IS LAID IN SCOTLAND.

**THE LIBRETTO IS PREPARED BY ALPHONSE ROYER AND GUSTAVE VAEZ, WITH
FREE USE OF SCOTT'S NOVEL: "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR."**

ARGUMENT.

Lord Henry Ashton, of Lammermoor, brother of Lucy, in order to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and extricate himself from a perilous situation in which his participation in political movements, directed against the reigning dynasty, has placed him, arranged a marriage between his sister and Lord Arthur Bucklaw.

He (Lord Henry) is at this time ignorant of an attachment which exists between his sister Lucy and Sir Edgar Ravenswood, whose family has long been in a state of deadly enmity with his own.

Sir Edgar, absent on an embassy to France to look to the interests of his native country, Scotland, despatches many letters to his beloved Lucy: these letters are intercepted, and a forged paper, tending to show the infidelity of Sir Edgar, is shown to the bewildered maiden.

Maddened by disappointed love, and urged by the necessities of her brother, Lucy unwillingly consents to become the bride of Lord Arthur Bucklaw, who is already at the gates of the castle, invited by Lord Ashton, who never doubts of his success in bending her to his schemes. When Lucy had signed the marriage contract, Edgar of Ravenswood suddenly appeared among the assemblage. Having just returned from France, he had come to claim the hand of Lucy. He was too late. Henry and his partisans repulsed the intruder with bitter words; swords were drawn, and but for the timely interference of the old chaplain of the house of Ashton blood would have been spilt. Edgar yielded reluctantly to the entreaties of the Chaplain to quit the scene, but not before he had hurled

the fiercest curses upon the hated house of Lammermoor. At night he was sought out in his retreat by the infuriated Henry, and the foes agreed upon a meeting on the ensuing morning, when Edgar, weary of life, would have thrown himself on his adversary's weapon, the last of a doomed race.

But Fate had willed it otherwise. The burden of woe heaped upon Lucy was too much for the mind of the unfortunate maiden. She had heard Edgar's reproaches with stupor, and remained absent-minded during the remainder of the ceremonies. At night, after the newly married pair had retired, and the inhabitants of the Castle were noisy with revels and mirth, groans were heard from the nuptial chamber, like those of a dying man. The Chaplain immediately burst the door open. On entering the room, Lord Bucklaw is discovered bleeding to death, while Lucy, in a fit of insanity, brandishes the sword of her victim, reeking with his blood. Her senses return, but she sinks under the horror of her situation, and dies the victim of disappointed love.

Edgar was meanwhile waiting for his enemy in the churchyard of Ravenswood. But Ashton came not; struck with remorse at the scene of misery which his selfishness had wrought, he had fled. But Edgar's solitude was interrupted by a train of mourners coming from the Castle. They reported Lucy dying, and while they yet stayed, her decease was announced by the funeral-bell from the Castle. Edgar, upon hearing this, plunged his dagger into his breast, and sank down lifeless among the tombstones of his ancestors.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

(LUCY OF LAMMERMOOR.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Vestibulo.*—NORMANDO e Coro.

Nor. e } Percorrete le spiagge vicine—
Coro. } Percorriamo
Della torre le vaste rovine.
Cada il vel di sì turpe mistero :
Lo domanda, lo impone l' onor !
Fia che splenda il terribile vero,
Come lampo fra nubi d' orror !

SCENA II.—ENRICO, RAIMONDO.

Nor. Tu sei turbato ?
Enr. E n' ho ben d' onde.
Il sai, del mio destin
Si ottenebrò la stella ; intanto Edgardo,
Quel mortale nemico
Di mia prosapia, dalle sue rovine
Erge la fronte baldanzosa, e ride.
Sola una mano rafferma mi puote
Nel vacillante mio poter : Lucia
Osa respinger quella mano ! Ah ! suora
Non m' è colei !

Rai. Dolente
Vergin, che geme sull' urna recente
Di cara madre, al talamo potria
Volger lo sguardo ? Ah ! rispettiam quel core
Che, trafficato dal duol, schivo è d' amore
Nor. Schivo d' amor ! Lucia
D' amore avvampa !
Enr. Che favelli ?
Rai. (Oh, detto !)
Nor. M' ascolta. Ella sen già colà
Del parco nel solingo vial
Dove la madre giace sepolta—
Impetuoso toro
Ecco su lor s' avventa—
Quando per l' aria sibilar si sente
Un colpo, e al suol repente
Cade la belva—
Enr. E chi vibrò quel colpo ?
Nor. Tal—che il suo nome ricoprì d' un velo.
Enr. Lucia, forse—
Nor. L' amò !
Enr. Dunque il rivide ?
Nor. Ogni alba !
Enr. E dove ?
Nor. In quel viale.
Enr. Io fremo !
Nor. Nè tu scopristi il seduttore ?
Nor. Sospetto
Io n' ho soltanto—

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Vestibule.*—NORMAN and Chorus.

Nor. & } Search ye well through the neighboring valley,
Cho. } Through the ruins of yon gloomy tower.
This dark myst'ry that round us doth lower,
It concerneth our honor, to clear.
As the lightning the stormcloud uprendeth,
So asunder this veil we will tear.
[*Exeunt Chorus*]

SCENE II.—*Enter HENRY and RAYMOND.*

Nor. Thou seemest troubled ?
Hen. And 'tis with reason ;
Thou knowest that of my destiny
Darkly the star declineth :
This hated Edgard, to my race
Bearing enmity deep and deadly,
From his rockbound tower laughing
To scorn my vows of vengeance, doth brave me !
One hand alone can prop my falling fortune !
There is but one thing now can save me. Yet *Lucy* !
To Arthur still her hand refuseth ! Ah ! sister
She is no longer.

Ray. A sorrowing
Maiden, who mourns o'er the tomb of a parent,
A dear lov'd mother, say how canst thou suppose
She'll yet think of marriage ? Ah, respect that heart
Which, enslaved of grief, dreams not of love.

Nor. Dreams not of love ?
Thou'rt fearfully mistaken.

Hen. What sayest thou ?
Ray. (I tremble.)
Nor. But hearken. Lucy some few weeks since
Was walking home alone thro' the park.
As near her mother's tomb she was passing,
Furious a bull pursued her :
Death at that time seem'd certain,
When thro' the still air came the short, sharp ring
Of a rifle ; the ball sped truly ;
The bull fell lifeless.

Hen. And who was he that saved her ?
Nor. One who in mystery still himself enshrouded.
Hen. And think'st thou Lucy—
Nor. She loves him !
Hen. Then they have met since ?
Nor. Each morning.
Hen. Say where ?
Nor. By yonder fountain.
Hen. I tremble ;
Nor. Dost know the vile seducer's name ?
Nor. Shrewdly
I have suspicions—

Enr. Ah, parla!
Nor. E tuo nemico!
Rai. (Oh, Ciel!)
Nor. Tu lo detesti!
Enr. Esser potrebbe—Edgaro?
Nor. Ah, lo dicesti!

Hen. Proceed! speak!
Nor. That 'tis an enemy!
Rai. (Oh heav'n!)
Nor. One thou detestest!
Hen. Say whom thou meanest. Is't Edgar?
Nor. Ah! thou hast named him.

CRUDA FUNESTA—EACH NERVE WITH FURY. ENRICO.

Larghetto.

Cru-da.. fu-ne - sta sma-nia tu m'hai sveglia-to in pet - to! è trop-po, è troppo or-ri - bi le
Each nerve with fury trembleth at these dark tho'ts thou wak - est! 'Tis too frightful! 'tis too hor-ri - ble!

que-sto fa-tal sos - pet - to un fè ge - la-re e fre - mere! sol - le-va in fronte il crin ah!
Say but that thou mis - tak - est! My blood congealed with rage doth freeze, And stagnant stands each vein, ah!

..... mi fa ge - la - re e fre - me - re sol - le - va in fronte sol - le - va in fronte il crin!
..... My ve - ry blood congea - d with rage doth freeze, and stagnant, and stagnant stands each vein! A

Col - ma di tanto ob - bro - brio chi suo - ra a me nas - ce - a! ah! pria che d'amor si per - fi - do
broth - er's coun - sel slight - ed, A sis - ter's hon - or blighted! Ah! thy black and matchless perfi - dy,

a me svelar - ti re - a se ti colpisse un ful - mi - ne, se ti colpisse un ful - mi - ne, fo - ra men
full soon shall be re - quit - ed, On his head fall heav'n's thunderbolt, On his head fall heav'n's thunderbolt, Who thus our

ri - o fo - ra men ri - o do - lor ah..... fo - ra men - ri - o fo - ra men - ri - o fo - ra men - ri - o do - lor.
lineage, who thus our lineage would stain, Ah, who thus our lineage, who thus our lineage, Thus, thus our lineage would stain.

Nor. Pietao al tuo decoro,
 Io fu con te crudel!
Rai. La tua clemenza imploro!
 Tu lo smentisci, o Ciel!

Nor. 'Twas cure for thy wounded honor
 That made me give thee pain!
Rai. Heav'n, calm his angry feeling,
 This fury now restrain!

SCENA III.—Coro di Cacciatori e detti.

SCENE III.—Chorus of Hunters and the above

Coro. [*Entrandi.*] Il tuo dubbio è omai certezza.

Nor. Odi tu?

Enr. Narrate!

Rai. (Oh, giorno!)

Coro. Como venti da stanchezza
 Dopo lungo errare intorno,
 Noi posammo della torre
 Nel vesti bole cadente.
 Ecco tosto lo trascorre
 In silenzio un uom palente
 Come appresso ei n'è venuto,
 Ravvisiam lo scono sciuto,
 Ei su rapido destriero
 S' involò dal nostro guardo.
 Qual s' appella un falconiero
 Ne apprendeva qual s'appella.

Cho. Thy suspicions are now confirm'd.

Nor. Dost thou hear?

Hen. Proceed ye!

Rai. Oh dark hour!

Cho. Long we wander'd o'er the mountain,
 Search'd each cleft around the fountain,
 Dale and hill, and vale and bower,
 'Till we reach'd the ruin'd tower.
 There we saw a man who silently strode
 From out the portal; mounting
 Straight his steed, he rapidly rode
 Down yonder valley, at a bound
 The torrent clearing,
 Then like lightning disappearing.
 From a falconer passing near us
 We th' intruder's name demanded.

Enr. E quale ?
Coro. Edgardo !
Enr. Egli ? Oh rabbia che m' accendi
 Contenermi un cor non può !
Rai. Ah no, non credere ! no, no--
 Deh sospendi--Ma--
Enr. No, no !
Rai. M' odi !
Enr. Udir non vud.

Hen. Who was it ?
Cho. 'Twas Edgar.
Hen. Edgar ? Ah, vengeance ! What deadly fury fires me
 Thus to brave me doth he dare !
Rai. Ah, not believe it yet--
 Suspend your anger--Lucy--
Hen. No, no !
Rai. Hear me !
Hen. I'll hear no more !

LA PIETADE--FROM MY BOSOM. ENRICO.

La pie - ta - de in suo fa - vo - re mi - ti sen - si in - van - ti det - - ta
 From my bo - som all fear I ban - ish, From my breast now mer - cy doth van - - ish,

sem - i par - - li di ven - det - ta solo in - ten - der - ti po - trò! Sciagu -
 For the wrongs this man hath wrought me, Nought but his blood can re - pay! Ev'ry

ra - ti il mi - o fu - ro - re già su voi.. tre - men - do rug - ge
 pulse for re - venge wild - ly bound - ing, Ev' - ry nerve is strung to mad - ness,

l'empia flam - ma che vi strug - ge io col san - gue speg - ne - ro io col san -
 And de - spair, with dead - ly fu - ry, Now to vengeance points the way, now un - to ven -

- gue io col san - gue l'em - pia flam - ma che vi strug - ge spe - gne
 - geance, now un - to ven - geance, now to ven - geance, now to ven - geance points the

rò spe - - gne - rò col san - gue spegne - rò l'em - pia..... flam -
 way, vengeance points the way, to vengeance points the way. Nought, nought but.....

- ma che vi strug - ge l'empia fiamma che vi strugge io col sangue spegne
 blood my hate..... can al - lay, And de - spair with dead - ly fu - ry un - to vengeance points the

- rò sì spe - gne - rò sì sì col san - gue spe - gne - rò sì spe - gne -
 way, Yes, points the way, Yes, yes, to ven - geance points the way, De - spair to

rò sì spe - gne - rò spe - gne - rò spe - gne - rò col san - gue spe - gne - rò.
 vengeance points the way, Yes, de - spair points the way, de - spair, vengeance points the way.

Nor. e } Quell' indegno al nuovo albore
Coro } L' ira tua fuggir non può.
 (Ahi ! qual nube di terrore
 Questa casa circondò !)

[Partono.]

Nor. f } He thy foe can ne'er escape thee,
Cho. } Let that thought thy rage allay.
 (O'er thy house dark clouds do lower
 On this inauspicious day)

[Escono]

SCENA IV.—Parco.—LUCIA ed ALISA.

Luc. Ancor non giunse!
Ali. Incanta a che mi traggi?
 Avventurarti or che il fratel qui venne
 E folle ardir!
Luc. Ben parli. Edgardo sappia
 Qual ne circonda orribile periglio!
Ali. Perché d' intorno il ciglio
 Volgi alterrita?
Luc. Quella fonte, ah!
 Mai senza tremar non veggo.
 Ah' tu lo sai; un Ravenswood ardendo
 Di geloso furor, l'amata donna
 Colà trafisse; e l' infelice cadde
 Nell' onda ed ivi rimanca sepolta.
 M' apparve l'ombra sua.

Ali. Che dici?
Luc. Ascolta.

SCENE IV.—A Park.—EMER LUCY and ALICE.

Luc. Still, still he comes not!
Ali. Thou dar'st much in hither venturing;
 Think should thy brother suspect, or ought discover
 Dark were thy doom.
Luc. 'Tis too true! Ah, Edgar know'th not
 What fearful perils, what dangers circle round us!
Ali. Why turn'st thou to w'rd yon fountain
 That glance of terror?
Luc. Yonder fountain! ah! Alice,
 Whenever I behold it
 Dark fears oppress me! A Ravenswood here
 By jealousy with mad fury inspir'd,
 His dear lov'd lady most foully murder'd,
 And she unhappy in those dark waters
 Was cast, and there did find a sepulchre;
 Her shade hath once appear'd to me.

Ali. What say'st thou?
Luc. Dear Alice, ah listen.

REGNAVA NEL SILENZIO—SILENCE O'ER ALL. LUCIA.

Regna - va nel si - len - zio al - ta la not - te bru - ma col - pià la fon - te un
 Silence o'er all was reign - ing— Dark was the night and low' - ring, And o'er yon foun - tain her

pal - li - do raggio di te - tra Lu - na do un sommes - so ge - mi - to fra l'aure u - òir si
 pallid ray Yonder pale moon was pour - ing, Faintly a sharp but sti - fled sigh Fell on my startled

fe, ed ec - co ec - co su quel margine..... l'ombra mostrar si si lombra mostrar si à me, ah!
 ear, And straightway upon that same fountain's brink,..... The spectre, the spectre did appear, ah!

qual di chi par - la muo - ver - si il lab - bro su - o - ve - de - - - a
 Fast fix'd it kept its blood - less lip, No fur - ther sound e - mit - - - ting,

e con la ma - no e - sa..... ni - me chia mami a se - pa - re - a
 But slow on high its scel - e - ton hand, Threat'ning it did up - rear,

stet - te un mo - men - to im - mo - bi - le poi rat - ta di - le - gnò..... e l'on - da pria si
 Stood for a moment im - mov - a - ble, Then vanish'd from my view,..... While that pure and

lim - pi - da di..... san - gue ros - seg - giò si pria si lim - pi - da di san - gue ros - seg -
 lim - pid stream to..... blood had chang'd its hue, While that pure limpid stream to blood had chang'd.



gio si pria si lim-pi-da ah - - - - - di ros-seg-gio.
hue, While that pure limpid stream to blood,..... to blood.....had chang'd its hue.

Ah, il presagio orrendo
 E questa cancellar,
 Dovrei dal petto
 Il fa tale amato oggetto ma nol posso,
 Egli è una luce e conforto al mio penar.

Oh, what horrid presage
 Is this? I ought to banish
 From my heart the fatal,
 Lov'd object, but I cannot,
 No, I cannot; it is my life,
 And comfort to my suff'ring.

QUANDO RAPITA—THEN SWIFT AS THOUGHT. LUCIA.



Quando rapita in es-ta-si del più co-cen-te ardo-re col fa-vellar del co-re
Then swift as tho't upclear'd the sky, Out shone the stars with brilliance, Soft sigh'd the breeze, and fr om on high,



mi giura e-ter-na fè gli af-fan-ni miei di-men-ti-co gio-ja di-vien-ne il
The moon poured forth her light, All na-ture seem'd in smiles to sleep, Un-to my wand-'ring



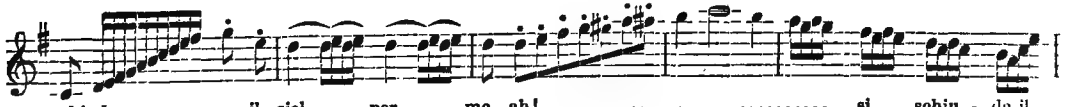
pian-to par-mi che a lui d'ac-can-to si schiu-da il ciel per-
sight, And Hea-ven in ten-fold splen-dor En-rob'd.. the wan-ing



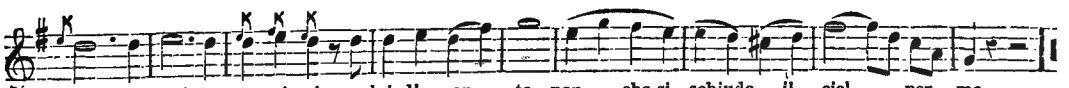
me..... si..... schiu-da il ciel per-me.....
night, Heav'n..... in ten-fold splen-dor en-rob'd the-night, Heav'n.....



..... si schiu-da il ciel per-me a lui d'ac-can-to si
..... in tenfold splen-dor en-rob'd.. the night. In ten-fold.. splendor, Heav'n



schioda..... il ciel.... per-me ah!..... si schiu-da il
rob'd..... the wan-ing..... night..... in ten-fold



ciel il ciel per-me si si a lui d'ac-can-to par-che si schiudo il ciel.... per-me
splendor rob'd the night, In tenfold splen-dor rob'd the night, Heav'n in tenfold wand-'ring, ra-vish'd sighs.

Ali. Egli s' avanza ! La vicina soglia
Io cauta veglierò.

SCENA V.—EDGARDO e LUCIA.

Edg. Lucia, perdona
Se ad ora inusitata
Io vederti chiedea—
Ragion possente a ciò mi trasse.
Pria che in Ciel biancheggi
L' alba novella, dalle patrie sponde
Lungi sarò.

Luc. Che dici ?
Edg. Pe' Franchi lidi amici
Scioglio le vele—ivi trattar m' è dato
Le sorti della Scozia.

Luc. E me nel pianto
Abbandoni così ?

Edg. Pria di lasciarti
Ashton mi vegga—stenderò placato
A lui la destra, e la tua destra, pegno
Fra noi di pace, chiederò.

Luc. Che ascolto ?
Ah, no ! Rimanga nel silenzio avvolt
Per or l' arcano affetto.
Edg. Intendo. Di mia stirpe
Il reo persecutore
Ancor pago non è. Mi tolse il padre,
Il mio retaggio avito—nè basta ?
Che brama ancor ?
Quel cor feroce e rio ?
La mia perdita intera ? il sangue mio
Ei m' odia !

Luc. Ah, no !
Edg. M' abborre !
Luc. Calma ! Oh, Ciel, quell' ira estrema
Edg. Fiamma ardente in sen mi corre !
M' odi.

Luc. Edgardo !
Edg. M' odi, e trema !

Sulla tomba che rinserra
Il tradito genitore,
Al tuo sangue eterna guerra
Io giurai nel mio furore !
Ma ti vidi, in cor mi nacque
Altro affetto, e l' ira tacque.

Pur quel voto non è infranto—
Io potrei compirlo ancor !
Luc. Deh, ti placa ! deh, ti frena !
Può tradirne un solo accento !
Non ti basti la mia pena ?
Vuoi ch' io mora di spavento ?
Ceda, ceda ogn' altro affetto,
Solo amor t' infiammi il petto !
Ah, il più nobile, il più santo
De' tuoi voti è un puro amor !

Edg. Qui, di sposa eterna fede
Qui mi giura, al Cielo innante !
Dio ci ascolta, Dio ci vede !
Tempio ed ara è un core amante
Al tuo fato unisco il mio :
Son tuo sposo !

Luc. E tua son io !
A' miei voti amore invoco !
A' miei voti invoco il Ciel !
Ah soltanto il nostro foco
Spegnerà di morte il gel.

Edg. Separarci omai conviene.
Luc. Oh, parola a me funesta !
Il mio cor con te ne viene !
Edg. Il mio cor con te quì resta

Ali. At length he comes ! Conceal'd behind the foliage
A careful watch I'll keep. [*Erit Alice*]

SCENE V.—EDGAR and LUCY.

Edg. My Lucy, your pardon
That past the hour appointed
I've delayed t' us our meeting.
Most powerful reasons from thee detain'd me !
On the coming morn, love,
Ere breaks the dawn, from my home and country
I must depart.

Luc. What say'st thou ?
Edg. To France I bend my steps, love !
Business of moment calls me thus early from thee.
'Tis Scotland needs my service !

Luc. And unto misery
Thou thus abandon'st me !

Edg. Yet ere I leave thee
I'll seek thy brother ; to him in truth and friendship
This hand I'll tender, and as a pledge of peace
'T'wixt our houses I'll ask of him thine !

Luc. What hear I ?

Edg. Ah, no, I pray thee—In secrecy and silence
Still let our loves conceal'd be !
I comprehend thee. Thy fell brother,
My dark, relentless foe, for blood
Still yearneth, nor vengeance will forego. He kill's
my father,
He hath ta'en away my heritage ! What more ?
What seeks he more ? That heart
Ferocious what would it ?
My entire utter ruin ? He'd take my life !
Yes, he hates me !

Luc. Ah, no !
Edg. Abhors me !
Luc. Calm, oh calm this fearful passion !
Edg. Deadly fury my heart inflameth !
Hear me !

Luc. My Edgar !
Edg. Hear me, and tremble !

By the lone tomb, o'er the cold grave
Where my father's bones lie moulding,
With thy kindred eternal warfare
To the death I swore to wage.
Ah ! when I saw thee my heart relented :
Of my dark vow I half repented ;
But my oath remains unbroken,
Still I've power to redeem my gage.
Luc. Ah ! pray calm thee, ah, restrain thee ;
Think what misery will soon enthrall me ;
I can scarce from fear sustain me ;
Would'st thou have me die with terror ?
Yield thee, yield thee to the dictates of affection,
'Tis a nobler, purer passion,
Let that thought thy wrath assuage !

Edg. Here then ! here in the eye of heaven
Swear, thy true faith to me now is given !
Him above, who sees and hears us,
Witness these mutual vows of love !
Thy fate forever to mine united !
Thou art mine, love !

Luc. Yes, I am thine, love.
Thou who see'st us, thou who hear'st us,
Witness these our vows of love !
Pow'r eternal, oh grant thy blessing,
Look down kindly from above.

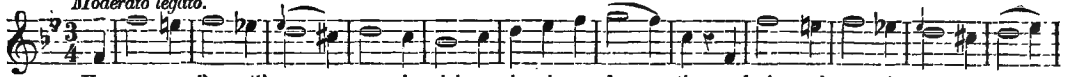
Edg. Now at length we must part, love !
Luc. Heavy falleth that word on my heart, love !
Thou with thee this heart wilt bear—
Edg. Mine with thee will stay forever !

Luc Ah, alor del tuo pensiero
Ve ra un foglio messaggiere :
E la vita fuggitiva
Di speranza nudrirò !
Edg Io di te memoria viva
Sempre, o cara, serberò !

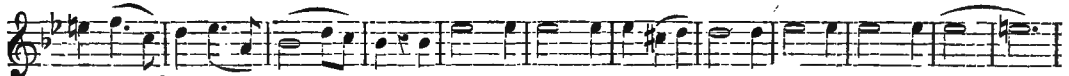
Luc Ah ! thou wilt not fail to write me '
Each dear letter thou dost send me,
Each fond word thou dost indite me,
Many a lonely hour will cheer.
Edg A cherish'd memory of thee,
Dearest, shall ever treasur'd be !

VERRANNO LA SULL' AURE—MY SIGHS SHALL ON THE BALMY. Duet.

Moderato legato.



Ver-ran no là sull' au - re i miei sos-pi - ri ar - den - ti, u-drai nel mar che mor-mo-ra....
My sighs shall on the bal - my breeze That hi-ther wafts thee, be borne, love; Each murm'ring wave shall e-cho make.



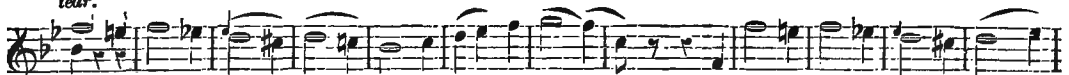
I'e-co de' miei la men - ti, pen-san-do ch'io di ge - mi - ti mi pas-co e di do-lor.....
how I thy absence do mourn,.... love! Ah! think of me when far a-way, with nought my heart to cheer;.....



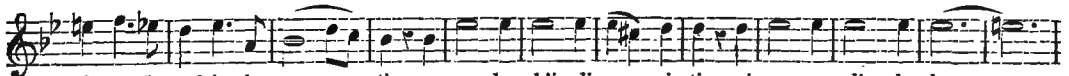
spar-gi un a-ma-ra la - gri-ma su' ques-to pegno al-lor ah..... su... ques - to
I shall be - dew each thought of thee with ma-ny a bit - ter tear! Ah..... with... ma - ny a



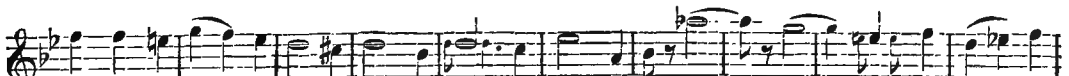
pegno al lor ah.... sù.... ques - to pegno al - lor..... ah..... su quel pegno al-Ver-
bit - ter tear! Ah.... with.... ma-ny a bit - ter tear!.... Ah!.... ma-ny a bit - ter The
lor
tear.



ran-no a te sull' au - ra i miei sos-pi-ri ar-den - ti; u - drai nel mar che mor-mo-ra....
bal - my breeze that bears thy sigh, will waft one back from me... love; The murm'ring waves re-e-choing still....



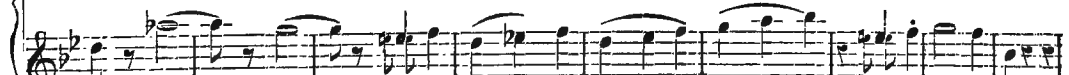
I'e-co de miei la men - ti: pen-san-do ch'io di ge - mi - ti mi pas-co e di do-lor.....
I'm e-ver constant to thee, love! Ah! think of me when far a-way, with nought my heart to cheer;.....



spar-gi un a-ma-ra la - gri-ma su ques - to pegno al-lor ah..... su... ques - to pegno al-
I shall be - dew each tho't of thee with many a bit - ter tear! Ah!.... with .. ma-ny a bit - ter



ah.... si.... su quel pegno al - lor Ed - gar - do.
Ah!... with .. many a bit - ter tear..... Ed - gar.



lor ah.... sù.... ques-to pegno al - lor..... ah..... su quel pegno al-lor.
tear' Ah!.. with... many a bit - ter tear!.... Ah!..... many a bit - ter tear!

il tuo scrit-to sem-pre vi-va la me-mo-ria in me ter-rò
Ah! thou will not fail to write me, many a lone-ly hour 'twill cheer;

Ah! si si si Lu-ci-a si si
Fear not! Have no fear, thou shalt hear!

ah..... ver-ran-no a te sull' au... re i tuoi sos-pi-ri ar-den.. ti u-dro nel
Ah! my sighs shall on the bal-my breeze that hi-ther wafts thee be borne, love; Each murm'ring

ah.... ver-ran-no a te sull' au... re i miei sos-pi-ri ar-den - ti u-drai nel
Ah! my sighs shall on the bal-my breeze that hi-ther wafts thee be borne, love; Each murm'ring

mar che mor-mo-ra.... l'e-co de tuoi la-men - - ti pen-san - do che di ge-mi-ti mi
wave shall e-cho make. how I thy ab-sence do mourn,.... love! Ah! think of me when far a-way, with

mar che mor-mo-ra.... l'e-co de tuoi la-men - - ti
wave shall e-cho make. how I thy ab-sence do mourn,.... love!

pas-co e di do-lor..... spar-gi su ques-to pe-gno al
nought my heart to cheer;.... Ah dear love! with ma-ny a bit-ter

spar-gi un a-ma-ra la gri-ma su ques-to pe-gno al
I shall be-dew each thought of thee with ma-ny a bit-ter

lor ah... su - - ques-to pe-gno al-lor ah... su... ques -
tear, Ah!... with.... many a bit-ter tear, ah... with... many a

lor ah... su - - ques-to pe-gno al-lor ah... su... ques -
tear, Ah!... with.... many a bit-ter tear, ah... with... many a

to pe-gno al-lor..... ah..... ques-to pe - - gno al-lor.
bit-ter tear, ah..... ah..... many a bit - - ter tear!

to pegno al-lor..... ah..... ques-to pe - - gno al-lor.
bit-ter tear, ah..... ah..... many a bit - - ter tear!

ATTO II

SCENA I.—Sala.—ENRICO NORMANNO.

Nor. Lucia fra poco a te verrà.
Enr. Tremante
 L' aspetto. A festeggiar le nozze illustri
 Già nel castello i nobili congiunti
 Di mia famiglia accolsi: in breve Arturo
 Qui voige; e s' ella pertinace osasse
 D' opporsi—

Nor. Non temer: la lunga assenza
 Del tuo nemico—i fogli
 Da noi rapiti e la bugiarda nuova
 Ch' egli s' accese di altra fiamma—in core
 Di Lucia spegneranno il cieco amore.

Enr. Ella s' avvanza! Il simulato foglio
 Porgimi; ed esci sulla via che tragge
 Alla città regina
 Di Scozia; e qui fra plausi e liete grida
 Conduci Arturo. *[Parte Normanno.]*

SCENA II.—ENRICO e LUCIA.

Enr. Appressati, Lucia.
 Sperai più lieta in questo dì vederti,
 In questo dì, che d' imeneo le faci
 Si accendono per te. Mi guardi e taci!

ACT II

SCENE I.—An Apartment.—HENRY and NORMAN.

Nor. Thy sister will shortly now be here.
Hen. I tremble
 To meet her. The nuptial guests are fast assembling!
 Within the castle my noble friends and kinsmen
 Wait now to greet the bridegroom: for Arthur only
 We tarry! Should she still pertinaciously persist
 In opposing—
Nor. Have no fear! The long absence
 Of him she mourneth, the letters
 We've intercepted, and the false news thou'lt tell her,
 Will quench all hope that yet may linger.
 Believing Edgar faithless, from her bosom love will
 vanish!
Hen. See, she approaches! Thou hast that forged letter,
 Give it me.—Now haste thee to the northern entrance,
 There keep watch and wait *[arrival*
 Th' approach of Arthur, and with all speed, on his
 Conduct him hither! *[Exit Norman.]*

SCENE II.—HENRY and LUCIA.

Hen. Draw nearer, my Lucia.
 On this fair day accept a brother's greeting!
 May this glad day, sacred to love and Hymen,
 Auspicious prove to thee. Thou heart'st me? Thou'rt
 silent!

IL PALLOR FUNESTO—SEE THESE CHEEKS. LUCIA.

LUC.

Larghetto

Il pal - lor funesto or - ren - do che ri - co - pre il vol - to mi - - - o
 See these cheeks so pale and hag-gard, See these fea - tures, so worn with sad - - - ness!

ti rim pro... ve ra - ta - cen - do il mio stra - zio il mio do -
 Do not they... be - tray too plain - ly all my an - guish, All my des -

lo - - re per - do - na - - re ti pos - sa un dì o l' i nu - ma - no tu - o ri -
 pair, Par - don may' st thou from Heav' n not vain - ly ask for this thy in - hu - man con -

gor per - do - nar ti pos - sa un Di - o ah... l' i nu - ma - no tuo ri - gor.....
 strait, Pardon may' st thou ask from Heav' n, not vain - ly, for this thy cruel con - strain -

..... l' i nu - ma - no
 this thy cru - el in -

tuo ri - - gor il tuo ri - gor il... tuo ri - - gor eil mio do - - - - - lor.
 hu - man con - strain - t, This cru - el, cru - el in - hu - man con - strain - t, this cru - el in - hu - - - man con - strain - t.

Enr. A ragion mi fe' spietato
 Quel che t' arse indegno affetto ;—
 Ma si taccia del passato—
 Tuo fratello io sono ancor ;
 Spenta è l' ira nel mio petto—
 Spegni tu l' insano amor.
 Nobil sposo—

Luc. Cessa! ah, cessa!
 Ad altr' uom giurai la fè

Enr. Nol potevi.

Luc. Enrico!

Enr. Basti!

Questo foglio appien ti dice,
 Qual crudel, qual empio amasti.
 Leggi!

Luc. Il core mi balzò!

Enr. Tu vacilli!

Luc. Me infelice!

Ahi! la folgore piombò!

[*Legge.*

Hen. Cease this wild recrimination,
 Both to thee and me degrading
 Of the past be thou but silent!
 I thy brother will no further make complaint!
 Flown has my anger! Banish thy dejection,
 Buried be all that thine honor could taint.
 A noble husband—

Luc. Cease to urge me!
 To another true faith I have sworn!

Hen. To another!

Luc. My brother!

Hen. 'Tis well!

By this letter thou may'st see
 How he keeps his faith with thee!
 Read it!

[*Hands her a letter.*

Luc. How beats my flutt'ring heart!

Hen. Thou dost falter—

Luc. Ah! great Heaven!

[*Reads*

Break, poor heart!

SOFFRIVA NEL PIANTO—MY SUFF'RINGS. DUET.

Sof - fri - - va nel pian-to lan - gui - - a nel do - lo - re la spe - - me la
My suff - - 'rings and sor-row I've borne... with - out re - pin - ing, I hoped... that the

vi - ta ri - po - si in un cor - l'i - stan - te di mor - te e giun-to per me... quel
mor-row some com - - fort might dawn! All's lost now, for - sa - ken, de-tert-ed, for - lorn,..... My

co - re in - fe - de - - le ad al - tra ad - al - tra si die Un folle t'ac-se-se un per-fi-do
last..... hope de - part - - ed, my true love, my love turn'd to scorn. Thy name thou disgracest, Thy blood thou de-

co - tradisti il tuo san - gue per vil seduttor - re ma de gna dal cie - lo ne a-ves-ti mer-ce - de quel core in-fe-
ba-est, Thy love he dis - dain - eth, Thyself he de-fameth, The judgment of Heaven at length overtakes thee, Thy race's dark

ohi - - me l'i stan-te tre - men - do e giun-to per - me si quel co - re infe-
Ah me, my suff-'rings and sor - rows I bore un - re - pin - ing, I hop'd that to-

de - le ad al - tra si die un fol - le t'ac - ce - se un per - fi - do a - mo re tra - dis - ti il tuo
foe - man doth treat thee with scorn, Thy name thou dis - gra - cest, Thy blood thou de - base - est, Thy love he dis-

de - le ad al - tra si die.... de quel co - re infe - de - le ad al - tra si die quel co -
mor - row some com - fort might dawn..... All's lost now! for - sak - en! de-tert-ed! for-lorn! My lust

san - gue per vil se - dut - to - re ma de - gna dal cie - lo ne a-ves-ti mer-ce quel co -
dain - eth, thy-self he de - fam - eth, Thy ra - ce's dark foe - man doth treat thee with scorn, Thy re-

re in fe - de - le quel co-re in-fe de - le ad al-tra si diè
 hope de - part - ed, My love treat-ed with scorn, Ah my love turn'd to scorn!

re in fe - de - le quel co-re in-fe de - le ad al-tra si diè ad al - tra si
 ce's dark foe - man, Thy ra - ce's dark foeman doth treat thee with scorn, He treats thee with

ad al - tra si diè ad al - tra ad al - tra ad al - tra si... diè.
 De-sert - ed, for-lorn, de - sert - ed, for - sa - ken, de - sert - ed, for - lorn.

diè si si si diè ad al - tra ad al - tra ad al - tra si... diè.
 scorn, Yes, yes, with scorn he treats thee, he treats thee, he treats thee with scorn!

[Gridi al di fuori.]

[Noise heard without]

Luc. Che fia ?
 Enr. Suonar di giudilo
 Odi la riva ?

Luc. Ebbene !
 Enr. Giunge il tuo sposo !
 Luc. Un brivido

Luc. Mi corse per le vene !
 Enr. Tremo !
 Luc. A te s' appresta il talamo.
 Luc. La tomba a me s' appresta !
 Enr. Ora fatale è questa !
 Spento è Guglielmo ascendere
 Vedremo il tron Maria.
 Prostrata è nella polvere
 La parte ch' io seguia ;
 Dal precipizio solo
 Arturo può salvarmi sol egli.

Luc. Ed io—
 Enr. Salvarmi

Luc. Devi—
 Enr. Enrico !
 Luc. Vieni allo sposo.

Luc. Ad altri giurai.
 Enr. Devi salvarmi ?

Luc. Ma—
 Enr. Il devi !
 Luc. Oh Ciel !

Enr. Se tradirmi tu potrai,
 La mia sorte è già compita.
 Tu m' involi onore e vita :
 Tu la scure appresti a me !
 Ne' tuoi sogni mi vedrai
 Ombra irata e minacciosa.
 Quella scure sanguinosa
 Starà sempre innanzi a te.

Luc. Tu, che vedi il pianto mio,—
 Tu, che leggi in questo core,—
 Se respinto il mie dolore,
 Come in terra, in Ciel non è !
 Tu mi togli, eterno Iddio !
 Questa vita disperata !
 Io son tanta sventurata,
 Che la morte è un ben per me !

Luc. What hear I ?
 Enr. Those sounds of gladness !
 Tell the arrival—

Luc. Of whom ?
 Enr. Thy destin'd husband.
 Luc. Through ev'ry vein
 My blood doth seem congealing.

Enr. I tremble !
 Hen. The marriage rites await thee now !
 Luc. The dark grave be my refuge rather !
 Hen. Oh fatal hour of dark despair !
 Hear me. The late rebellion
 I was one who secretly abetted ;
 To Arthur, for my present safety
 I'm alone indebted !
 He from a foul, a traitor's doom,
 Alone hath pow'r to save me.

Luc. And I then ?
 Enr. Thou must
 Wed him.

Luc. My brother !
 Enr. Come to the altar.

Luc. I love another.
 Enr. Still dost thou falter ?

Luc. But—
 Enr. To the altar !
 Luc. Oh, heav'n !

Enr. I'm thy guardian, dar'st thou brave me ?
 I'm thy brother—wilt thou save me ?
 From the hands of thee, my sister,
 Must I meet a traitor's doom ?
 See the axe, by one thread hanging ;
 Hark ! the deep toned deathbell clanging
 Hath affection lost all power ?
 Wilt consign me unto the tomb ?

Luc. I'm thy sister, dost thou love me !
 I am dying, will that move thee !
 From the hands of thee, my brother,
 Must I meet now this dreadful doom !
 Hopeless misery all surrounding,
 E'en while the marriage bell is sounding ;
 Fear and hate will be my dower ;
 Better had I wed the tomb.

[Exeunt]

SCENA III.—LUCIA e RAIMONDO.

Luc. Ebben ?
Rai. Di tua speranza
 L' ultimo raggio tramontò.
 Credei al tuo sospetto
 Che il fratel chiudesse
 Tutte le strade, onde sul Franco suolo,
 All' uom che amar giurasti
 Non guingesser tue nuove :
 Io stesso un foglio date vergato,
 Per-secura mano ; recarglifeci
 In vano ! Tace mai sempre—
 Quel silenzio assai d' infideltà ti parla !
Luc. E me consigli ?
Rai. Di piegarti al destino.
Luc. E il giuramento ?
Rai. Tu pur veneggi !
 I nuziati voti
 Che il ministro di Dio non bene,
 Nè il ciel nè il mondo riconosce.
Luc. Ah ! cede persuasa la mente,
 Ma sordo alla ragion resisto il core.
Rai. Vincerò è forza.
Luc. Oh sventurato amore !
Rai. Ah, cedi, o più sciagure
 Ti sovra stanti infelice,
 Per te venere mie cure
 Per l' estinta genitrice,
 Il periglio d' un fratello
 Deh ti muova e cangi il cor !
 O la madre nell' avello
 Fremerà per te dorrò.
Luc. Taci—
Rai. Cedi—
Luc. Ah, vincesti.
 Non son tanto suaturata.
Rai. Oh ! qual giosa ; in me tu desti !
 Oh qual nube hai dissipata !
 Al ben de 'tuoi vittima
 Offri, Lucia, te stessa,
 E tanto sacrificio
 Scritto nel ceil sarà.
 Se la pietà degli uomini
 A te non fia concessa,
 V' è un Dio, che tergere
 Il pianto tuo saprà.
Luc. Gui dami tu, tu reggime
 Son fuori, di me stessa !

SCENA IV.—ENRICO, ARTURO, NORMANNO ; Cavalieri
 e Dame congiunti di Ashton ; Paggi, Armigeri ; Abitanti di
 Lammermoor, e Domestici.

SCENE III.—Corridor.—LUCIA and RAIMONDO

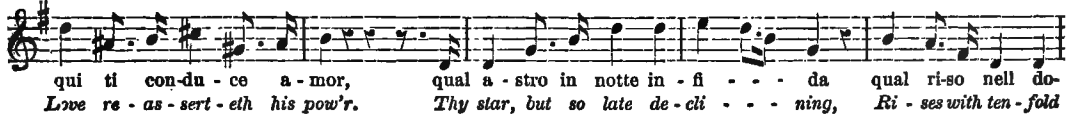
Luc. Thy news ?
Rai. Hope hath departed,
 Even the last faint ray hath fled !
 Believing as thou suspectest,
 That perchance thy brother,
 His ends to answer, thy notes had intercepted,
 And barr'd all correspondence
 Between thee and young Edgar,
 I took thy letter ! To France I sent it,
 By secure conveyance. He did receive it
 Five weeks since ! Still is he silent ! [ful !
 'Tis too certain that he to thee hath prov'd unfaith-
Luc. What dost thou counsel ?
Rai. To submit to thy destiny.
Luc. The oath I pledg'd him ?
Rai. Thou talkest wildly—
 The holy nuptial vow
 Through the priest can alone be sworn, at the altar,
 Nor heav'n nor man holds aught else binding.
Luc. Ah cease, pray ; tho' my mind thou convincest,
 Still deaf to reason's voice my heart resisteth !
Rai. Be firm and conquer !
Luc. What utter misery awaits me !
Rai. Ah, to thy destiny calmly resign thee !
 Horrors greater far will else befall thee ;
 To the voice of affection incline thee !
 From her grave thy mother doth call thee :
 From this peril save thy brother !
 'Tis a parent doth implore.
 See you angry shade uprise before thee,
 Mark you blood-stain'd scaffold drench'd with gore !
Luc. Cease—
Rai. Save him !
Luc. Thou hast conquer'd !
 I will act as thou requirest.
Rai. O what rapture ; in me confide thee.
 Ev'ry cloud now disappeareth !
 This thy heroic sacrifice,
 Laid on the shrine of duty,
 Shall be by holy angels
 Recorded in heav'n above.
 Tho' man may not regard it,
 Tho' earth may not reward it,
 Thy Maker who ruleth thy destiny
 Doth mark this deed of love.
Luc. Guide thou me, support me,
 Thou'st conquered, I confide in thee !

SCENE IV.—HENRY, ARTHUR, NORMAN ; Knights and
 Ladies related to Ashton ; Pages, Squires ; Inhabitants of
 Lammermoor, and Domestics.

PER TE IMMENSO—HOPE BRIGHTLY. CHORUS.

Per te d'im-men-so giu-bi-lo tut-to s'av-vi-va in tor-no, per te veg-giam na'
 Hope brightly beams be-fore thee now, Ah, day of joy and glad-ness, Heav'n sheds its sun-light

na-sce-re del-la spe-ranza il gior-no, qui l'a-mis-tà ti
 o'er thee now No more of grief or sad-ness, Dark tho' the clouds did



Art. Per poco fra le tenebre
Sparsi la vostra stella,
Io la farò risorgere
Più fulgida e più bella,
La man mi porgi Enrico,
Ti stringi a questo cor,
A te ne vengo amico, fratello, e defensor.
Dov'è Lucia?

Enr. Qui giungere or la vedrem.
Se in lei soverchia è la mestizia,
Ma ravigliarti non dei
Dal duolo oppressa e vinta
Piange la madre estinta.

Art. M'è noto. Orsolvo un dubbio.
Famo suonò, ch' Edgardo
Sov' essa temerario
Alzare osò lo sguardo.

Enr. E vero, quel folle ardia, ma—
Co. S' avvanza a te Lucia!

Entra LUCIA.

Enr. Piange la madre estinta.
Ecco il tuo sposo. (Incauta!
Perdermi vuoi?)

Luc. Gran Dio!
Art. Ti piaccia i voti accogliere
Del tenero amor mio!

Enr. Omai si compia il rito—
T' appressa!

Art. Oh dolce invito!

Luc. (Io vado al sacrificio!)

Rai. (Reggi, buon Dio, l' afflitta?)

Enr. Non esitar!

Luc. (Me misera!

La mia condanna ho scritta!)
Enr. (Respiro!)

Luc. (Io gelo ed ardo!

Tutti. Qual fragor!
Chi giunge?

SCENA V.—EDGARDO, LUCIA, servi e detti.

Edg. Edgardo!

Luc. Edgar-do!

Oh fulmine!

Oh terror

Art. My friend, I joy to meet thee;
As brother here I greet thee!
Ever may this our union
In friendship's bonds combining,
In friendship's bonds entwining,
Prove prosperous unto thee; [be!
This hand I give thee, shall henceforth thy defender
But where is Lucy!

Hen. Shortly now will she be here.
If she in tears perchance appeareth,
This her demeanor I pray you pardon;
Her mother's death she mourns,
By grief her heart is torn.

Art. 'Tis well. One thing tell me. [ness,
Fame says that young Edgar
Some months since, with mad presumption's bold-
Of you did ask her hand—

Hen. 'Tis true, he had that boldness, but—

Cho. See, Lucy comes!

Enter LUCY.

Hen. Still for our mother weeping?
There stands thy husband.—(Ungrateful!
Would'st be my ruin?)

Luc. Great Heaven!

Art. Thus lowly at thy feet, fair maid,
Thy lover kneels before thee.

Hen. Dost hear, girl? Approach,
And sign thy dower. We wait thee.

Art. Oh blissful hour!

Luc. (I go to the sacrifice!)

Rai. (Heav'n shield her in this trying hour.)

Hen. (Thou know'st my pow'r.)—Sign it!

Luc. Ah, misery!

'Tis done! I've writ, I have signed it. [She signs

Hen. (I breath again!)

Luc. (My blood seems turn'd to ice.

All is over!)

Cho. What means this?
Who cometh?

SCENE V.—EDGAR and the above

Edg. 'Tis Edgar!

Luc. Edgar!

Oh hide me, earth!

Fearful hour!

CHI MI FRENA—WHAT RESTRAINS ME.

Larghetto. EDG.

Chi mi - fre - na intal mo - men - to? chi tron - cò dell'ire il cor - so? il suo
In - stant ven - geance, what re - strain eth, What thus stays my sword in scab - bard? Is't af -
 ENR.
 Chi mi - fre - na il mio fu - ro - re, e la man che al brando cor - so? del - la
In - stant ven - geance, What re - strain - eth, What thus stays my sword in scab - bard? Is't af -

duo - lo il suo spa - ven - to son la pro - va son la pro - va d'un ri - mor - so! ma qual
fec - tion that still re - main - eth, And each an - gry tho't, each an - gry tho't en - chain - eth. Of mine
 mi - se - ra in fa - vo re nel mio pet - to un gri - do cor - se! è mio
fec - tion still re - main - eth, And each an - gry, dark tho't en chain - eth. Of thine

ro - sai - na - ri - di - ta, el - la sta.... fra morte e vi - ta! io son
own.... blood thou'rt be tray - er! Now, 'twixt life.... and death she stand - eth! Ah, de -
 san - gue! l'ho tra - di - ta, el - la sta.... fra morte e vi - ta! ah! che
own.... blood I'm be - tray - er! Now, 'twixt life.... and death she stand - eth! Ah! de

vin - to son com - mos - so t'a - mo, in - gra - ta t'a - mo t'amo in - gra - ta, t'a - mo an - cor!..
spair, my heart doth with - er, Yet, un - grate - ful one, I love thee, yes, I love thee still!..
 spe - gnere non pos - so i ri - mor - si del mio co - re del mio cor!..
spair her heart doth with - er, And re - morse my breast doth fill, my breast doth fill!..

Luc. (Io sperai che a me la vita
 Tronca avesse il mio spavento;
 Ma la morte non m'aita—
 Vivo ancor per mio tormento!
 Da' miei lumi cadde il velo—
 Mi tradì la terra e il Cielo!
 Vorrei pianger, ma non posso;
 Ah! mi manca il pianto ancor!)
Rai. (Qual terribile momento!
 Più formar non so parole;
 Densa nube di spavento
 Par che copra i rai del sole.
 Come rosa inaridita
 Ella sta fra morte e vita!
 Chi per lei non è commosso
 Ha di tigre in petto il cor.)
Enr., Art., } T^o allontana! sciagurato,
Nor. e Cav. } O il tuo sangue fia versato.
Edg. Morirò; ma insieme col mio
 Altro sangue scorrerà.

Luc. (I had hop'd that death had found me,
 And in his drear fetters bound me,
 But he comes not to relieve me!
 Ah! of life will none bereave me?
 Still in dark despair I languish,
 Nought to hope but ceaseless anguish;
 Even tears mine eyes abandon,
 My cup of woe to fill.)
Rai. (Time, thou hast wrought thy worst, terrible moment
 No longer sense hath mastery over words;
 Dense and impervious clouds of fear are seen,
 As threat'ning e'en the brilliance of the sun.
 Ah! like a rose that withers on the stem,
 She now is hovering 'twixt death and life!
 He who for her by pity is not mov'd,
 Has of a tiger in his breast the heart.)
Hen., Art., } Hence, thou traitor, hence betake thee,
Nor. & Cho. } Ere our rage o'erwhelm thee.
Edg. Dare advance one single step,
 And other blood with mine shall flow!

Rai. Rispettate, o voi, di Dio
La tremenda maestà!
In suo nome io vel comando,
Deponete l'ira e il brando.
Pace, pace;—egli abborris
L'omicida, e scritto sta—
Chi di ferro altrui ferisce,
Pur di ferro perirà.

Enr. Ravenswood in queste porte
Chi ti guida?

Edg. La mia sorte!
Il mio dritto: sì, Lucia
La sua fede a me giurò!

Rai. Questo amor per sempre obblia
Ella è d' altri.

Edg. D' altri! ah, no!

Rai. Mira!

Edg. Tremi, ti confondi!
Son tue cifre? A me rispondi!
Son tue cifre?

Luc. Sì!

Edg. Riprendi
Il tuo pegno, infido cor!
Il mio dammi.

Luc. Almen—

Edg. Lo rendi!

Hai tradito il Cielo e amor!
Maledetto sia l'istante
Che di te mi resi amante!
Stirpe iniqua, abominata—
Io dovea da te fuggir!
Ah, di Dio la mano irata
Ti desperda!

Tutti. Insano ardir!
Esci, fuggi il furor che m' accende,
Solo un punto i suoi colpi sospende,
Ma fra poco più atroce più fiero,
Sul tuo capo abborrito cadrà!

Edg. Trucidatemi! e pronubo al rito
Sia lo scempio d' un core tradito!
Del mio sangue bagnata la soglia,
Dolce vista per l' empia sarà:
Calpestando l' e sangue mia spoglia
All' altare più lieta ne andrà.

Luc. Dio, lo salva! in sì fiero momento
D' una misera ascolta l' accento.
E la prece d' immenso dolore
Che più in terra speranza non ha:
E l' estrema domanda del core,
Che sul labbro spirando mi sta!

Rai., Ali. & Dame. Infelice, t' invola—t' affretta:
I tuoi giorni, il suo stato rispetta.
Vivi! e forse il tuo duolo fia spento:
Tutto è lieve all' eterna pietà.
Quante volte ad un solo tormento
Mille gioje succeder non fa!

FINE DELL' ATTO II.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Sala terreno nella torre di Volfarag.

Edg. Orrida è questa notte
Come il destino mio! Sì, tuona, o cielo—
Immersersate, o turbini—sconvolto
Sia l' ord'n di natura, e pera il mondo—

Rai. Stay, ye rash, ye impious men,
Your sinful purpces forego.
Heaven's servant now here stand I;
In your Maker's name, command I.
Sheathe your weapons! Know that the murd'rer
He abhorreth! What saith His word?
"He that wieldeth the sword in anger,
By the sword shall be laid low."

Hen. Vile intruder, say what within these walls
Thou seekest?

Edg. Hither came I
For my bride. Thy sister
Unto me her faith hath sworn!

Rai. Thou must all hope of her relinquish;
She's another's!

Edg. Another's? no!

Rai. Read!

Edg. [To Lucia.] Tremblest? Art confounded?
Didst thou write this? I wait thy answer!
Didst thou write this?

Luc. Yes.

Edg. Beholdst thou
This token? Perfidious heart!
I return it.

Luc. Ah, no—

Edg. Receive it!
Thou fall'n trait'ress to heaven, to Love,
Accurs'd forever be the day on which I saw thee!
Blotted from time be that dark hour when first I met
thee!
For thy shameless, base desertion,
Pardon vainly thou'lt ask above.
Despair and anguish grant thy heart
May desolation!

Enr. & Cho. No further dare.
Hence away, ere our fury o'erwhelm thee;
Hence away, if thy life thou regardest.
But a moment the blow is suspended;
Tempt us no longer, we bid thee beware!

Edg. Strike, the frail strings of life now dividing,
At her nuptials my pale corpse presiding.
Drain my heart's blood at thy wedding banquet.
Strike! why pause ye? I'm ready; prepare.

Luc. Heaven, in mercy, oh, save him, protect him
And through this fearful danger direct him!
By the woe thou hast now heap'd upon me,
I do implore for him thy kindly care.
Since to me thou hast doom'd a life of mis'ry,
Ah, refuse not my last, my dying pray'r.

Rai., Ali. & Ladies. Unhappy man, fly hence—let prudence haste
thee:
Thy life, the claims of station, rank, respect.
Live! it may be thy grief may find an end:
All woes must end by never-ending pity.
How often is it to a single torture
A thousand joys have in their turn succeeded!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENA I.—A Room in the Tower of Wolf's Crag.

Edg. Darkly the night is low'ring,
Even as is my destiny. Yes! roll on thou thunder,
Flash ye fierce forked lightning; convulsion bring!
Shake the vast womb of nature, the world o'erwhelm

Io non m' inganno!—scalpitar d' appresso
 Odo un destrier—s' arresta—
 Chi mai della tempesta
 Fra le minacce e l' ire,
 Chi puote a me venire?

SCENA II.—*Entra ENRICO.*

Enr. Io.
Edg. Quale ardire!—Ashton!
Enr. Sì.
Edg. Fra queste mura
 Osi offrirti al mio cospetto?
Enr. Io vi sto per tua sciagura.
 Non venisti nel mio tetto!
Edg. Qui del padre ancor s' aggira
 L' ombra inulta—e par che frema!
 Morte ogn' aura a te quì spira!
 Il terren per te quì trema!—
 Nel varcar la soglia orrenda
 Ben dovesti palpitar,
 Come un uom che vivo scenda
 La sua tomba ad albergar!
Enr. Fu condotta al sacra rito,
 Quindi al talamo Lucia.
Edg. (Ei più squarcia il cor ferito!
 Oh tormento!—oh gelosia!)
Enr. Ascolta. Di letizia il mio soggiorno,
 E di plausi rimbombava;
 Ma più forte al cor d' intorno
 La vendetta a me parlava!
 Quì mi trassi—in mezzo ai venti
 Le sua voce udia tuttor,
 E il furor degli element
 Rispondeva al mio furor.
Edg. Da me che brami?
Enr. Ascoltami:
 Onde punir l' offessa,
 De' miei la spada vindice
 Pende su te sospesa—
 Onde punir l' offessa,
 Ch' altri ti spenga? Ah! mai—
 Chi dee svenarti il sai!
Edg. So che al paterno cenere
 Giurai strapparti il core.
Enr. Tu!
Edg. Quando?
Enr. Al primo sorgere del mattutino albore.
Edg. Ove?
Enr. Fra l' urne gelide
 De Ravenswood.
Edg. Verrò.
Enr. Ivi a restar preparati.
Edg. Ivi t' ucciderò.

Ah! Is't deception? On the hard earth breathing
 A horse's hoof I hear! It stops—
 Who is't that thro' the tempest
 With fierce and threat'ning gesture
 Comes at this hour to meet me!

SCENE II.—*Enter HENRY.*

Hen. 'Tis I.
Edg. Ha! what boldness! Ashton!
Hen. Yes.
Edg. Within these drear walls -
 Dar'st thou thus at this hour present thee?
Hen. Doth my presence not content thee?
 I do but return thy visit!
Edg. See my father's shade uprising,
 For his wrongs revenge demanding!
 Death is in the air thou breathest;
 E'en the earth shaketh, trembleth, where thou'rt [standing
 When thou pass'd across this threshold
 Did thy heart not quake with fear,
 As a living man descending
 To thy tomb with no help near?
Hen. Even now the bridal chamber
 Opens for the blooming bride!
Edg. Ah, infuriating thought this!
 Oh what torments! what torture!
Hen. But hearken. Tho' the sounds of mirth and gladness
 Echoed far and wide around me,
 Stronger far than ties of pleasure
 Are the bonds in which hate for thee hath bound me.
 Friends, relations, guests forsaking,
 Flew I straight to meet thee here,
 While the mad and furious tempest
 Shouted vengeance in my ear.
Edg. What here hath brought thee?
Hen. Thou now shalt hear.
 Think of the wrongs thou hast done me,
 And dare not to falter or shun me;
 Words were too poor to express them—
 This arm alone can redress them!
 I give thee defiance to death—
 Nought else can wipe away the stain.
Edg. By my dead father's ashes,
 Thy heart's blood I will drain!
Hen. Thou!
Edg. When meet we?
Hen. At earliest dawning of the next approaching day.
Edg. Where?
Hen. By the icy tombs
 Of Ravenswood.
Edg. Agreed.
Hen. There shalt thou join thy ancestors.
Edg. There too thyself shalt fall.

O SOLE PIU RATTO—OH HASTE, CRIMSON MORNING.

Allegro Moderato.

O so - le più rat - to a sor - ger t'ap - pres - ta ti cin - ga di san - gue ghi -
 Oh, haste crim - son morn - ing, Bright sun of the mor - row, Let red clouds give warn - ing, A -

O so - le più rat - to a sor - ger t'ap - pres - ta ti cin - ga di san - gue ghi -
 Oh, haste crim - son morn - ing, Bright sun of the mor - row, Let red clouds give warn - ing, A -

lan - da fu - nes - ta con quel - la ris - chia - ra l'or - ri - bi - le ga - ra d'un
round thee of sor - row. Like snails how ye lin - ger, slow mo - ments de - lay - ing, That

lan - da fu - nes - ta con quel - la ris - chia - ra l'or - ri - bi - le ga - ra d'un
round thee of sor - row. Like snails how ye lin - ger, slow mo - ments de - lay - ing, That

o - dio mor - ta - le d'un cie - co fu - ro - re o so - le più rat - to ri
long the a - ven - ger from ven - geance are stay - ing,.. Oh, haste crim - son morn - ing, Bright

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sor - gi è ris - chia ra d'un o - dio mor - ta - - - le il cie - co il cie - co fu - ro -
sun of the mor - row, Let the red clouds..... give warn - ing, A - round thee of sor - row.

sor - gi è ris - chia ra d'un o dio mor - ta - le il cie - co il cie - co fu - ro -
sun of the mor - row, Let the red clouds give warn - ing From A - round thee of sor - row.

SCENA III.—Sala.

Coro. D'imenzo giubilo
S' innalzi un grido
Corra di Scozia
Per ogni lido,
E avverta i perfidi
Nostri nemici,
Che più terribili,
Che più felici
Ne rende l' aura
D' alto favor;
Ch' a noi sorridono
Le stelle ancor.

SCENA IV.—RAIMONDO, NORMANNO, e detti.

Rai. Cessi, ah cessi quel contento!
Coro. Sei cosperso di pallore!
Ciel che rechi?
Rai. Un fiero evento!
Coro. Tu ne agghiacci di terrore!
Rai. Dalle stanze ove Lucia
Trassi già col suo consorte,
Un lamento, un grido uscia,
Come d' nom vicino a morte.
Corsi ratto in quelle mura:
Ahi! terribile sciagura!
Steso Arturo al suol giaceva
Muto, freddo, insanguinato;
E Lucia l' acciar stringeva—
Che fu già del truciato.
Ella in me le luci affisse:
"Il mio sposo ov' è?" mi disse;

SCENE III.—Hall in Henry's Castle.—Peasants and Domestic of the Castle.

Cho. Ah, happy, happy day,
Swell high the choral lay
Through all Scotland,
To all her shores
Tell the wretches,
Our enemies,
That more terrible,
As more happy,
The presence renders us
Of our great joy.
Ah! e'en the stars themselves
Smile happily down on us.

SCENE IV.—RAYMOND, NORMAN, and the above

Rai. Cease, ah, cease these sounds of gladness!
Cho. Thou dost seem agast with fear!
What has chanc'd?
Rai. Horrible event!
Cho. Thou freezest our souls with terror.
Rai. To their chamber the bride and bridegroom
Scarce a moment had departed,
When a shriek came, a cry of anguish!
As a man in death throes did languish.
Straight I forc'd the door; trembling enter'd;
Moment terrible! sight of horror!
There poor Arthur, upon the floor, lay
Pale and deathlike, besmear'd with blood,
While Lucy, brandishing a sword,
Like some fell demon, threat'ning stood!
Then on me her eyes fast fixing,
"Where's the bridegroom?" she cried?

E nel volto suo pallente
Un sorriso balenò.
Infelice! della mento
La virtude a lei mancò!
Futti Oh! qual funesto avvenimento!
Tutti ne ingombra cupo spavento!
Notte, ricopri la ria sventura
Col tenebroso tuo denso vel!
Ah, quella destra di sangue impura
L'ira non chiami su noi del Ciel!
Rai. Eccolla!

SCENA V.—LUCIA, ALISA, e detti.

Luc. Il dolce suono
Mi colpì di sua voce. Ah! quella voce
M'è qui nel cor discesa!
Edgardo, io ti son resa—
Fuggita io son da' tuoi nemici. Un gelo
Mi serpeggia nel sen—trema ogni fibbra
Vacilla il piè, presso la fonte meco
T'assidi alquanto. Ahimè! sorge il tremendo
Fantasma e ne separa!
Un serto io voglio. Un armonia celeste
Di, non ascolti? Ah! l' inno
Suona di nozze. Il rito
Per noi s'appressa! oh! me felice!
Oh! gioia che si sente e non si dice!
Ardon gl' incensi—splendono
Le sacre faci intorno!—
Ecco il ministro! Porgini
La destra—oh! lieto giorno!
Alfin son tua, alfin sei mio,
A me ti dona un Dio
Ogni piacer più grato
Sì ogni piacere mi fia conte diviso.
Del ciel demente un riso
La vita a noi sarà.

Rai. S' avanza Enrico!

SCENA VI.—ENRICO, e detti

Enr. Ditemi,
Vera è l' atroce scena?
Rai. Vera, pur troppo!
Enr. Ah! perfida!
Ne avrai condegna pena—
Alisa,
Rai. e } T' arresta! oh Ciel!
Coro. }
Rai. Non vedi
Lo stato suo?
Luc. Che chiedi?
Enr. O qual pallor!
Luc. Me misera!
Rai. Ha la ragion smarrita!
Enr. Gran Dio!—
Rai. Tremare, o barbaro!
Luc. Tu dei per la sua vita.
Non mi guardar sì fiero;
Segnai quel foglio è vero:
Nell' ira sua terribile
Calpesta, oh Dio! l' anello—
Mi maledice! Ah! vittima
Fui d' un crudel fratello!
Ma ogno t' amai—lo giuro.
Chi mi m' amasti—Arturo?
Ah, non uggir! perdono.

And a smile across her pallid face
With ghastly splendor shone.
Ah, unhappy maid! thy reason
From thee had forever flown!
Cho. Ah, dreadful moment, dire deed of horror;
Omen portentous, dark fears confound us.
Night, thy dark mantle throw close around us;
Cover this deed with thy densest veil.
Ah, let not the hand that this did compass
Upon her kindred thy wrath entail.
Rai. Ah! she comes!

SCENE V.—LUCY, ALICE, and the above.

Luc. How sweetly, gently
Steals thy voice on mine ear. Ah those dear accents
Once more, once more I hear.
My Edgar, at length I'm safe with thee,
To thee I've flown from all thine enemies.—What
coldness [bleth;
Shoots like ice through my veins! Each fibre trem-
My foot doth fail! Here, at the fountain,
Once more I'm at thy side, love. Oh, Heav'n!
see'st thou
Yon dark, fearful phantom! Ah! it would part us!—
Hark, thro' the dark air heavenly harmony swelleth!
Say! dost thou hear it? Ah, 'tis the hymn
Of our nuptials! They wait us
At the altar; oh, I am happy.
The joy that fills my bosom words cannot tell thee!
They light the incense! See now
The sacred tapers brightly are burning;
The priest approaches. Place thy hand
In mine now; oh blissful moment,
At length thou'rt mine, love, and I am thine;
What rapture boundless for me is now preparing!
Each pleasure doubly sharing,
Yes! doubly enjoying, if 'tis partook with thee
Thanks, bounteous heaven!
Thou hast given new life to me!
Rai. Here comes her brother!

SCENE VI.—HENRY and the above.

Hen. Answer me,
Can this dark deed be real?
Rai. But too surely.
Hen. Abandon'd one,
Thy punishment condign shall be!
All. Stay thee, oh heaven!
Rai. Seest thou not
Her fearful state?
Luc. What say'st thou?
Hen. What death-like paleness!
Luc. Ah, what misery!
Rai. Her reason has for ever fled from her!
Hen. Great Heaven!—
Rai. Tremble, heartless man,
Thou should'st, for her life.
Luc. Frown not so harshly on me,
Although 'tis true I sign'd it;
Ah, look not, love, so fearfully,
Break not the ring I gave thee;
And do not curse me; I was the victim
Of a cruel brother.
I love but thee, my Edgar!
Whom did'st thou name? was't Arthur?
Ah! fly me not; have mercy, pray!

SPARGI D' AMARO PIANTO—SHED THOU ONE TEAR. LUCIA.

Spar-gi d'a-ma-ro pian-to il mio ter-res-tre ve-ve-lo
Shed thou one tear of sor-row, O'er my un-time-ly grave,..... love;
men-tre las-sù nel cie-lo io pre-ghe-ro pre-ghe-ro per te al giun-ge
While there, a-bove, in Hea-ven I'll pray for thee! yes, I'll pray for thee! Ev'n Heav'n, if
tu-o sol-tan-to fia bel-lo il ciel per me per me ah si! ah si! per me!
thou, love, art ab-sent, No joy will bring un-to me! no-joy-ah no! ah no! ah! no,
fia bel-lo il ciel.. il ciel.. per me ah si! ah si! per me per
Ev'n Hea-ven will bring no.... joy to.... me! ah no! ah no! ah no! Ev'n
me..... si per-me
Heav'n..... Heav'n will..... bring
per-me..... per-me.
no..... joy..... to..... me.

Enr. (Giorni d'amaro pianto
Serba il rimorso a me.)
Si tragga altrove! Alisa, pietoso amico,
Deh! voi la misera vegliate
Io più me stesso in me non trovo!

Rai. Delator! gioisci dell' opra tuo:

Nor. Che parli?

Rai. Sì, dell' incendio che divampa e strugge
Questa casa infelice,
Hai tu destata la primiera favilla.

Nor. Io non credei—

Rai. Tu del versato sangue, impio! tu sei
La ria cagion!—Quel sangue
Al ciel t' accusa, e già la man suprema
Segna la tua sentenza—or vanne, e trema.

[Parte.

SCENA VII.—Parte esterna del Castello.—Notte.

Edg. Tombe degli avi miei, l' ultimo avanzo
D' una stirpe infelice,
Deh! raccogliete voi!
Cessò dell' ira il breve foco—
Sul nemico acciario
Abbandonar mi vo'. Per me la vita
E orrendo peso—l' universo intero
E un deserto per me senza Lucia!
Di liete fa i ancora

Hen. (Bitter remorse and misery
Ever my lot will be.)
With care remove her! Alice, kinsmen and friends,
I pray you with gentlest kindness treat her;
Remorse is henceforth my earthly portion!

Rai. Man of blood, in this thy work now exult thee!

Nor. What mean'st thou?

Rai. Thou brought'st the brand that this dire flame en-
gender'd,

"Twas thy fell hand that fir'd it!
Each spark that kindled, thou didst fan to a blaze.

Nor. But I believ'd not—

Rai. Thou of this crime art author. Traitor! E'en now
His blood cries for vengeance! At heaven's bar
It doth accuse thee, and there the hand supreme
Thine awful sentence signeth! Depart hence and
tremble. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Exterior part of the Castle. Night.

Edg. Tombs of my far-fam'd ancestors, open wide your
portal,
And the last fated scion
Of your doom'd race receive ye!
My hate has vanish'd! Past is resentment.
On his vengeful blade now
How gladly would I fall. This life of mis'ry,
I cannot bear it! The vast universe
Is but one desert, unless with her I share it!
The sounds of mirth and feasting

Splende il castello! Ah! scarsa
Fu la notte al tripudio! Ingrata donna!
Mentr' io mi struggo in disperato pianto,
Tu ridi,—esulti accanto
Al felice consorte!
Tu delle gioje in seno,
Io—della morte!

Echo around me. Ah, swiftly
Flies the night mid their revelry. Ungrateful woman!
While here I struggle, desperate in mine anguish,
With mockery thou derid'st me!
Thou most false, thou most shameless!
Thy heart with rapture boundeth,
While death me surroundeth.

FRA POCO A ME—WILD FLOWERS SOON. EDGAR.

Larghetto.

Fra poco a me ri - co-ve-ro da - rà ne-glet-to a vel-lo u - na pie-to - sa
The wild flow'rs soon will shed their bloom, A-round my sad and lone-ly tomb; No kind-ly tear shall

la - gri-ma non scende-rà su quel - lo ah fin degli estinti ahi mi-se-ro manca il con-forto a me tu
bless the spot, Where blighted love's for-got..... Ah! my weary wounded soul to heav'n, Shall wing its rapid flight. Oh!

pur tu pur di-men-ti - ca quel marmo dis-preg-gia - to mai non passar-vi o bar-ba-ra del . tuo consor - te a
Lu-cy should you with your spouse, Roam near the tomb you've made, In silence pass, a word of love would rouse my sleeping

la - to ah ris-pet-ta al-men le ce - ne-ri di chi moria per te ri - spetta almen le ce - ne - ri di
shade: Oh! respect at least, thou faithless girl! The dust of him who died for thee, Respect at least the dust of

chi moria per te mai non pas - sar - vi tu lo di - men - ti ca ri - spet - ta al
him who died for thee. In si - lence pass; a word of love..... Would rouse my

me - no chimuore per te mai non pas - sar - vi tu lo di - men - ti - ca ris - pet - ta al
sleep . . . ing shade. In si - lence pass; Re - spect at least,..... thou faith-less

me - - no chi muore chi mu-o-rè per - te o bar - ba-ra io moro per-te.
girl..... The dust of him, of him who died for thee, of him who died, who died for thee.

SCENA VIII.—*Abitanti di Lammermoor dal Castello;*
e detto.

Coro. Oh meschina! oh caso orrendo!
Piu sperar non giova omai.
Questo dì che sta sorgendo,
Tramontar tu non vedrai!

Edg. Giusto Cielo! ah, rispondete!
Di chi mai, di chi piangete?

Coro. Di Lucia!

Edg. Lucia diceste?

Coro. Sì; la misera sen muore!

SCENE VIII.—*Inhabitants of Lammermoor, and EDGAR,*
coming from the Castle.

Cho. Poor forlorn one! oh, fate most fearful,
Hope of life at length hath vanish'd,
Ere on this dark night of sorrow
Morning dawns she'll be no more.

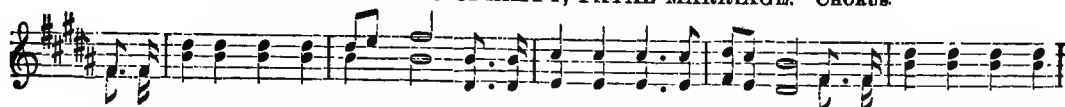
Edg. Gracious heaven! say, what mean ye?
What doth mean this wailing cry?

Cho. 'Tis for Lucy.

Edg. Say ye for Lucy?

Cho. She, alas, is surely dying.

FUR LE NOZZE—THIS UNHAPPY, FATAL MARRIAGE. CHORUS.



Fur le nozze a lei fu - nes te di ra gion la trasse a - mo - re sav - vi - ci - na all'ore es -
This un-hap - py, fa - tal mar - riage, Hath of rea - son quite de - priv'd her, All for - torn and bro - ken



tre - me e te chie - de per te ge - me questo di questo sol chesà sor - gen - do tra mon
heart - ed, Life hath from her nigh de - part - ed; Death his vic - tim, his vic - tim; sure - ly claim - eth; Ere the



tar tra mon-tar più non ve - dra di ra - gion le trasse a - mo - re e te chie - de per te ge me.
morning, the morning sun doth rise. E'en while madness sense en-thrall-eth, Still on thee for aid she call eth.

Edg. Ah Lucia! Lucia!

Coro. Rimbomba

Già la squilla in suon di morte!

Edg. Ahi! quel suono al cor mi piomba!

E decisa la mia sorte:

Rivederla ancor vogl' io;

Rivederla, e poscia—

Coro. Oh Dio!

Qual trasporto scongiurato!

Ah, desisti! ah, riedi in te!

SCENA ULTIMA.—RAIMONDO, e detti.

Rai. Ove corri, sventurato?

Ella in terra più non è

Edg. Lucia.

Rai. Sventurata.

Edg. In terra più non è.

Ella dunque—

Rai. E in cielo.

Edg. Ah! Lucia, Lucia! [A bell sounds without.

Cho. That sad

And solemn bell her end doth tell.

Edg. It rings both hers and my knell!

Yes, my fate is now decided!

In death we will not be divided.

Soon I'll join thee, dearest Lucy!

Cho. Oh heaven! Whither goest thou?

O calm thee, nought can now the past recall.

SCENE THE LAST.—RAIMONDO and the above.

Rai. Stay, rash man, what seek'st thou further?

She's forever lost to thee.

Edg. My Lucy.

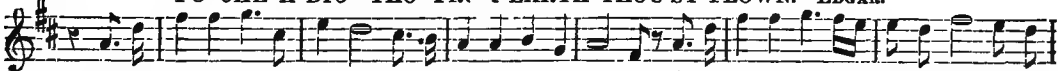
Rai. All is over.

Edg. Forever lost to me!

She hath departed—

Rai. To heaven!

TU CHE A DIO—THO' FROM EARTH THOU'ST FLOWN. EDGAR.



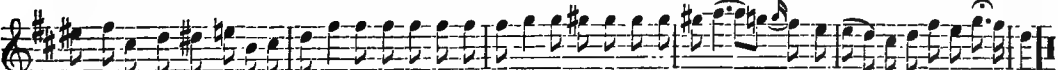
Tu che a Dio spie-gas-ti l'a - li o bell' alma in-na-mo-ra - ta ti ri-vol - gia me pla - ca - ta te - co a
Tho' from earth thou' st flown before me, My a - dor'd my only treasure; Tho' from these fond arms they tore thee, soon, soon, I'll



scendo te-co ascendo il tuo fe - del ah se l'i - ra del mor - ta - li fe - ce a noi si cru - da - guer - ra se di
fol-low thee, I'll fol-low thee a - bove. Tho' the world frown'd on our u - nion, Tho' in this life they did part us, Yet on



vi - si fummo in terra ne con - giun - ga il nu - me in ciel oh bell' alma inna-mo-ra - ta bell' alma in na-mo -
high, in fond communion, shall our hearts be tun'd to love. Tho' from these fond arms they tore thee, from these fond arms they



rata ne congiunga il nume in ciel oh bell' alma innamorata bell' alma in-namo-ra-ta. . ne con-giun-ga il nu - me in ciel.
tore thee; soon I'll follow thee above. Tho' from these fond arms they tore thee, tho' from these arms they tore thee, soon I'll follow, &c on, &c

Io ti seguo!

Soon I'll join thee.

Coro. Ah, che fai?
Edg. Morir voglio.
Coro. Ritorna in te.

[S'immerge il pugnale nel cuore.]

Rai. } Che facesti?
Coro. }
Edg. A te vengo a bell' alma—
Ti rivolgi al tuo fedel;
Ah, se l'ira demorteli
Fe cruda guerra—
Ne congiunga il nume in ciel.

Rai. Sciagurato, paura al ciel!
Coro. Quale orror!
Ahi tremendo! ahi crudo fato!
Dio, perdona un tanto error!

[Alzando le mani al cielo, Edgardo spira.]

Cho. Ah, what wouldst thou?
Edg. Die with her!
Cho. Forbear! or heaven forever is lost to thee!
[Edgar plunges his poignard in his breast]

Rai. What hath he done?

Edg. Die aveng'd then, O adored one;
Soon I'll follow thee above—
Tho' in this world they did part us—
Tho' from these fond arms they did tear thee,
Yet—we part not—above!

Rai. Rash and impious, think of Heaven!

Cho. Ev'ry breast horror fills,
Horror dire. Ah, may kind heaven
Pardon grant him from above.

[Raising his hands to Heaven, Edgar expires]

THE END.

NOTE. The following Aria, written by Donizetti for that purpose, is sometimes introduced into the part of Lucia, during the so-called Mad Scene:

PERCHE NON HO DEL VENTO—OH FOR AN EAGLE'S PINIONS. LUCIA.

Larghetto.

Per-chè non ho del ven - - to l'in - fa - ti - ca - - bil vo - - lo
Oh for an ea-gle's pin - - ions, That I might fly..... to thee,..... love;

sem pre in es - tra - neo suo - - lo ti se-gui-rei ti se - gui - re mi - o ben
All ties but thine.... I'd ba - - nish, For thou art all, for thou art all, art all, to me.

O - ve tu se - i sen - vo - - li - no imiel sos - pi - - rial men ah..... si in
More swift than e'en that ea - - gle's flight, Mine to thy sight..... should be! ah..... yes! Out-

van - da te mi par..... te di ri o de - stin - te no - - re
strip-ping fur the stor - - miest gale, The am - bient air..... I'd cleave,..... love;

vin - ce ogni for - za a - mo - - re te - co te - co son io mi - o ben I nos - tri co - ri ah no di -
O'er land and sea I'd fol - - low thee, Friends, country, kindred, all, all I'd leave. O'er land and sea, how quick-ly I'd

sgjun ge - re no..... non..... può ne - me - - no il ciel non può ne - me - no il ciel ah! i nos - tri
fol - low thee; Coun - - try, kin - - dred, all, all, all, all, I'd leave. Ah! o'er land and

cor non può..... di sgungere ne - - me - - no non può ne me no il ciel
sea, how quick-ly I'd follow thee, Friends..... kin - - dred, friends, kindred, all I'd leave

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